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VOL. 4. NO. 84.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

AUG. 3,

1861.

THE FINAL RESULT OF THE WAR.

☞ See "VANITY FAIR to the Public," for Terms of Subscription, etc., on Second Page.

☞ No. 73 (May 18,) is republished, and can be had at this office.

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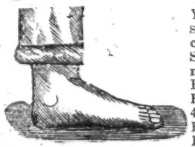

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THE FAIR INEZ:

—OR—

THE LONE LADY OF THE CRIMSON CLIFFS.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

EDITED BY ARTEMUS WARD.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CORSAIR CHIEF.

When INEZ awoke the storm had ceased, the wild night had passed, and the morning was bright and beautiful.

The maiden looked around her. The scene was passing strange. She was lying upon a fine twelve-dollar lounge, in an apartment of sumptuous elegance. "Where am I?" she murmured.

"Safe, dear lady!" said a soft, flute-like voice. "Safe from all harm!"

INEZ looked up. A chivalrous-looking young man, arrayed in garments of red silken velvet, thick-studded with diamonds of incalculable value, stood over her—a genial smile irradiating his fascinating though swarthy features. "Safe, lady!" he repeated. "You shall be the corsair's bride!"

"I don't see it!" said the gentle INEZ.

"Ha!" cried the pirate, "longest thou then for the laughing hillocks and bellowing bullocks of thy own chilly clime?"

"I have no hesitancy in asserting that I do," she replied.

"If gold be your desire," said the pirate chief, taking out his pocket-book and brandishing a ten dollar bill on the Waukegan Bank of Illinois, "here it is!"

"Miscreant! I spurn the vile dross. Besides, there's ten per cent discount on it." Thus spoke the noble INEZ.

"You'll think better of it, ere many wanes have waxed and mooned, sweet lady," the pirate observed. "Listen! I am a Spaniard. My name is O'MULLIGAN! The world calls me a pirate, but no matter. Let that pass. And now the banquet. Ho! slaves, bring in the victuals."

Six contraband negroes, arrayed in bright yellow, immediately entered, bringing fishballs for one on salvers of solid gold. For the pirate they brought rum and molasses in a golden goblet.

"Have you a bill of fare?" asked INEZ.

"No printed ones," said the pirate. "They are too expensive. But wherefore?"

"I was thinking whether or no you had any beans?"

"Pork, but nary a bean!" said the corsair sententiously.

With an aching heart and a tear-suffused cheek, INEZ restricted herself to the fishballs.

"We corsairs," said the Spaniard, "are not so bad as the World would make out."

"It's lately been merged with the *Courier and Enquirer*," said INEZ, still intently placing herself outside the minced fish.

The Spaniard, with a puzzled expression upon his face, continued: "We are loved by those who know us, and hold many positions of trust and influence. For instance, I am Street Contractor and Member of the Common Council, while a brother of mine is an army contractor. How does that strike you?" But the fair INEZ had not yet recuperated her exhausted energies, and a series of seraphic snores told the Spaniard that she slept. Gently throwing some buffalo robes over her fragile form, the Spaniard withdrew.

CHAPTER V.—THE PIRATES' REVEL.

O'MULLIGAN and his merry men were passing the evening in a hilarious manner at the Chief's Cave, which was eligibly located among the cliffs, and fitted up with gas, baths, and all the modern improvements, including the comforts of a home, and within five minutes walk of the depot.

The corsair chief was in a festive frame of mind, and absorbed his rum and molasses with no little industry and tenacity of purpose. In compliance with a highly enthusiastic call, he arose and addressed his men in a masterly speech. We regret that we only have space for a synopsis of the eminent speaker's remarks. After alluding to the rise and growth of affairs, and administering a withering rebuke to the opposition, he said: "Comrades! I am a Secessionist, and am for Peace and two Governments. I am the friend of virtue. Comrades! I am wholly your own!" (Cries of Hi! hi! hi! and the Chief was instantly presented with a gold-headed cane by his brave followers, as a slight evidence of their esteem. The presentation was wholly unexpected, and he could find no language in which to fittingly express his emotions.)

"FRANCOIS," said the pirate, "what special branch of industry didst pursue wherewithal to acquire thy hash and griddle cakes ere joining our noble band?"

"I was a minstrel, my liege," said the young pirate. "I was an end man."

"Well, how do you feel this evening, Ginger?" said the Chief.

"Sillubrius!"

"Oh no, Ginger, you mean *sal*ubrious. Wilt shake up a gleesome refrain, my fragile comrade?"

"I will, most noble duke; but first I should like to tell some new gags. I want to tell you about the ice-cream balloon, and I also wish to spell stovepipe—"

"No, no," said the Chief, excitedly, a gleam of horror passing over his face, "sing the song!" and the ex-minstrel sang as follows:

When JEFFERSON DAVIS seseshed and went,
And wrote his name as President,
Quoth a Yankee who the act did see,
You've signed your epitaph, JEFFERSON D.,
With your quill so fine, tra la!

Look on this picture, my buccaneer,
A crowd of people have come here,
To see you swing on the gallows tree
The traitor's fate, bold JEFFERSON D.!
With your quill so fine, tra la!

A thousand seseshers bad and bold,
Shall rattle their chains in dungeons old,
Of all that number none shall 'scape
Who led us into this wretched scrape,
With their quills so fine, tra la!

"Ha!" cried the Chief, and his sword leapt from its scabbard and flashed fiercely in the gaslight. "A traitor-r-r-r to the Confederate Flag! So, so! Hast prayed to-night, FRANCOIS?" said the Chief, gloomily manipulating the point of his gleaming blade.

"A few, my lord!" replied the trembling corsair.

"If you bethink yourself of any crime, unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace, solicit for it to onct."

"Alas, my lord, what may you mean?"

"I would not kill thy unprepared spirit."

"Talk you of killing?"

"I have said!"

"Well, I must be allowed to say that you are pretty rough."

The unfortunate young pirate was dragged from the cave, but placing his mouth to the keyhole he executed the following, in a disdainful, sardonic voice:

TO MISS YANCEY IN PARIS.

Miss YANCEY she is handsome,
Miss YANCEY she is tall,

And when she blows her bugle,
Lord, how the Southrons bawl!
Oh blow your bugle, YANCEY,
Oh go it while you may,
You won't last long, I fancy,
So throw yourself away.

Miss YANCEY blows a mellow horn,
She's a dashing, oily wench,
But just as sure as you are born
She cannot play the French,
Oh blow your bugle, YANCEY, &c.

So come home now, Miss YANCEY,
Before you're kicked down stairs,
Your little horn, I fancy,
Ain't adapted to French airs!
Oh blow your bugle, YANCEY, &c.

"That young man," said the pirate Chief sternly, "is a disgrace to his sex, and is devoid of all kinds of noble sentiments. Let's all take a drink."

"He is a young man," said a sagacious pirate, in a solemn voice and with a look of intense meaning, "he is a young man, that young man is, who is a young man—leastways he is younger than my old Aunt SALLY! I should say he was some young men, or at any rate he is some mens—"

"What the d——l is the matter with you?" cried the chief, in a voice of horror. "Hang it man, you are no more lucid than a editorial in the New York *Express!*"

"I want some rum wizzout any war-rer into it!" exclaimed the pirate. "D'ye hear? rum wizzout war-rer. An' now I'll tell you 'bout the youngman—"

"No you won't!" said the pirate hastily. "Put him to bed. Lift him up tenderly, handle him with care, fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair! He's been drinking. In short, he's drunk."

"Did you ever know, sir," said the inebriated corsair, in a subdued, mysterious voice—"were you ever acquainted with a red headed gal, who sold mutton pies on a big tin-pan, and they called her one-eyed Sal! Where is she now, sir? She sleeps 'neath the willow!"

"Away with him!" shrieked the Chief. "Zounds, men, are we fallen to a state of gibbering idiocy?"

Rosy rum, however, molified the incensed corsair, and ere the revel closed he sang, in the mellifluous tongue of his own sunny Spain, an ardent song of love, accompanying himself on the Shillaleh.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

To remain with the pirates was repugnant to the feelings of INEZ. They were not men of much moral principle, and she resolved to return to her native jungle in Maine. All right minded persons will say, Good for her.

And so, one day when the corsair chief was absent on official business, the heroic girl determined to escape.

She wisely resolved to take as little baggage, as possible—half a dozen bandboxes, an umbrella, a bottle of hair oil, a dressing case, a gauze nubia and some doughnuts, a poplin skirt, a pair of point lace gaiters, a tortoise-shell basque, and a few back numbers of *Godey's Lady's Book*—that was all. But even these trifles were found too cumbersome and she resolved to leave with no other clothing than her umbrella and a straw hat.

Her room was in the fifth story of the Cave, which was built of Milwaukee brick, and all the doors were double-locked. She had no alternative, then, but to make her escape through the window. She was forced to use the bed-cord, but as she was a young lady of high moral principle, she resolved to send the corsair its full value by Adams' Express, if she in the least damaged it. Carefully fastening one end of the cord to the window-sill, she commenced letting herself down. But unfortunately the cord broke, shortly after the intrepid maiden had commenced her perilous descent,—broke when she was high in air, at a distance of over four hundred feet from the ground! Oh it was frightful!

We cannot here too strongly urge upon manufacturers of rope the necessity of making it strong. It may cost more, but is it fair, is it manly, to sell rope knowing it to be of flimsy texture? Some may argue that it is owing to the poor quality of hemp, but we maintain that manufacturers should give their personal attention to the business, and make good rope.

But to return to INEZ.

(To be Continued.)

The War Cry of the Northern Women.

"Cry HAVELOCK! and let slip the Dogs of War."

GENTLE WOMAN—(IN DIXIE.)

Among the treasures left behind the Rebels in their hasty retreat from Fairfax C. H., was a letter from a Southern maiden to her lover, in the course of which tender epistle she adjures him to "*kill a Yankee for me!*"

Soft-hearted girl! she expresses the sweetest solicitude for her lover's "dear health," beseeches him to guard for her sake his "precious life;" but by no means to omit to "kill a Yankee" for her! Gentle-nurtured daughter of the "Sunny South!" She sends her hero a silken tress of her raven hair—she sends him kisses untold, and love unfathomable—and for all this she asks but one little guerdon—the mere murder of a Yankee! By-the-bye, will the dove-like maiden expect her chivalric Knight to bring her the head and "gory locks" of the slaughtered Yankee as proof of his obedience to her gentle commands, we wonder? Or will she take his word that he assassinated the churl fairly, after the manner of his fellow chivs, from a safe ambush?

PERSONAL.

[IN OPPOSITION TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.]

HENRY WARD B——R.—Meet me at the peanut stand corner of Chatham and Mott, Friday eve. I have a great treat in store for you—my next winter's lecture on "Poetry."
H. G——Y.

INFORMATION WANTED—Of Mr. SMITH, who is believed to be in New York. Address VANITY FAIR, inclosing six ten-cent stamps.

IF THE YOUNG LADY with light blue hair and sunny curls, who rode up Broadway in a Fifth Avenue and Tenth street stage last Thursday, dressed in a black silk tarletan dress with grenadine stripes, is desirous of corresponding with the gentleman who rode up Broadway in a Fulton Ferry stage on Wednesday, and said "Thank you," she will confer a favor by addressing "AUGUSTUS," in confidence, office of the *Evening Post*.

IF THE AUTHOR who was seen with $5 in his possession will address a line to Box 10,000, he can learn of some gentlemen who will go with him, provided he can satisfactorily explain how he got it.

IF THE YOUNG LADY who walked down Broadway yesterday P. M., without trying to look sweet, will address "P. T. B.," Museum, she will hear of what many young ladies would be glad to have—an engagement.

THE BARBER who within the past six months shaved a man without trying to sell him a bottle of infernal Hair Restorative, can secure the autographs of the editors of VANITY FAIR and other valuable keepsakes, by addressing this office.

"ELLA OF THE VALE."—All's well, and we have confidence in Gen. Scott. DUKE OF YORK.

The Head and Tail of It.

"O tell me, Sir Comet," great GREELEY said,
"Why so large a tail to so small a head
You carry, as on you sail."
"Why, sir," replied Comet, "my head, 'tis true,
Unlike yours, looks small, but like yours loves to
Spin out a fabulous *tale*."

AN INVITATION TO THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

AY, what's ailing Boston now?
What a clamor! what a muss!
Flushed with pride is every brow—
They have a hippopotamus!

Half distracted is the town—
All exclaiming, "O! the cuss!"
As they pay their quarters down
To see the hippopotamus!

Boston now, as we are told,
Is in zoologic fuss—
Boston once so calm and cold—
To see the hippopotamus!

Gotham now may growl and swear
And the ground in sorrow buss;
Though she boasts of swans a pair,
She has no hippopotamus.

Hippo when he first was caught
Cried: "where do you bear me thus?"
"To Boston, deary!" As he ought,
Then smiled the hippopotamus.

Give him, Boston! tons of oats!
Give him hay in many a truss!
Praise him with exultant notes,
O praise the hippopotamus!

Coddle him when he is weary!
But as you'd send him safe to us,
Don't let him read your journals dreary!
Don't kill your hippopotamus!

Lord of the jungle and the field!
Surpassing all that's striped or spotty,
O when to us will fortune, yield,
A sight of you, my Hippo Potty?

The Pen and the Sword.

"Gen. SCOTT gave a dinner party on Wednesday evening to Mr. RUSSELL of the London *Times*. Among the guests present were Secretary SEWARD, General MCDOWELL, General KING of Wisconsin, Minister RESIDENT of Rome, and other distinguished personages."

V. F.'s compliments to Gen. SCOTT, and begs to congratulate him on this very dignified performance.

At great expense V. F. has engaged AUGUSTUS —— A. S. S., to proceed to England as its [V. F.'s] own correspondent. Perhaps Gen. SCOTT will be good enough to forward to this office a few letters, introducing AUGUSTUS to H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, Lord PALMERSTON, "and other distinguished personages." They would no doubt, be treated with that attention which RUSSELL has received and AUGUSTUS deserves.

A fellow that Professor Lowe cannot compete with for "going up" in these days of the dog.

The thermometer.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

For executing diagonal movements, we are enabled to give our readers the following recipe, which was found in the pocket of a rebel officer of the F. F. V. kind, captured in one of the early skirmishes of the present war.

Fas est ab hoste doceri—it is a square thing to take lessons from an enemy—on which principle and the state of the thermometer combined we act hereby:

F. F. V. PUNCH.
Corn Whiskey 10. Water 0.
Strain through the teeth every half hour.
By order,
O. JENNINGS WISE.

This was the stuff on which the diagonal, or sloping movements of the discomfited rebels at Laurel Hill and Carrick's Ford were executed. We reproduce the recipe, then, on the principle of "How not to do it;" and trust that the senior editor of the *Tribune* will lose no time in advising General SCOTT to issue an order prohibiting the sutlers of the army from brewing F. F. V. punch.

In actions where things begin to look serious, the soldier will remember that the bayonet is greater than the bullet, the bullet than the butt of the musket, the butt of the musket than the bare fist; and he will govern himself accordingly.

"Do or die" is a good enough motto for the stage sailor who goes in for reaping laurels with a wooden cutlass; but let the real fighting man remember that the soldier who Does on the gory field is worth any quantity of the soldier who Dies there. Mind your guards, then, soldiers of the Union! Do for as many of the enemy as possible, and Die as little as you can help.

Avoid being tempted into the deceptive ambuscade, no matter how great the persuasive powers of the unsophisticated Brigadier who fits his head so confidingly into the cannon's mouth.

For further particulars continue to "see" VANITY FAIR.

Lost! Nineteen Oaths!

The Honorable Mr. MAY, in striving to defend his traitorous speech in the House, said that he "had taken the oath of fealty in twenty States." This, we think, is conclusiv . s to the shakiness of his loyalty. To have had to take a similar oath twenty times, he must have found the article hard to keep.

We should like to know what Mr. MAY did with the 19 oaths previous to the last?

Under what circumstances did he lose each of them?

Perhaps a suitable reward (the offer of a halter, for instance) might bring them to light again.

As to the last one he took, we know what became of that. He accidentally forgot it at JEFF DAVIS' headquarters in Richmond!

A Sweet Pastoral.

PHILEMON walked with ROSALINDA, his love, through the field of bearded grain, and they quarrelled, with many tears.

But when they reached the smiling plain, where the fat little sheep daintily nibbled the pleasing grass, they made up again with many kisses.

Then said ROSALINDA, "O, why didst thou call MELISSA 'That sweet girl?'"

"I did not," replied the languishing swain; "rememberest thou my words? Thou saidst, 'what manner of grain is that?' And I said, 'That's wheat girl . . . MELISSA says it is wheat.'"

Then they went home joyfully.

"Modiste" a non Modesta.

Pray tell me (says DAVID,) why Madame LA TRISTE,
The milliner lady, is called a "*Modiste?*"
I fancy (says DANIEL,) the title is one
Of the modern examples of *lucus a non*,
That is, though the reason is rather the oddest,
She's called a "Modiste" from *not* being *modest!*

Hint to Lady Travellers.

In passing over the Camden and Anaconda Rail Road, should you have a small lap-dog be sure to give the baggage master twenty-five cents, or the conductor will assure you that there is great danger of Hydrophobia, and that "that are dorg can't come in here, mam!"

Melting Circumstance.

They must have had hot weather in Europe, lately, as well as here. Speaking of a popular authoress, a foreign journal makes the following announcement:

"Miss BREMER is now in Greece."

SCHOOL FOR STRATEGISTS.

NO ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE REQUIRED IN PAYMENT FOR THIS FIRST-RATE NOTICE.

"About the Size of It."

A Southern paper starts the following conundrum, to which we give the first recorded reply, as below :

"Four eminent cotton-planters went to sea upon a block of marble.

The first was blind.

The second had no arms.

The third had no legs.

The fourth had no clothes.

The first, who was blind, saw a Northern soldier-bird sitting upon a rose-bush in the middle of the sea.

The second, who had no arms, took a gun and shot it.

The third, who had no legs, ran and picked it up.

The fourth, who had no clothes, put it in his pocket.

What about this?"

Well; the "about" of it, according to our way of thinking, is that it's a Lie—like most of the other war statements of the Southern papers.

Sally-very.

Spitting has long been regarded as an American weakness, but it is only lately that the full extent of its application to one section of the country has been discovered; it is now well known that the citizens of the Southern Confederacy expect-to-rate as a nation.

Muscle vs. Medicine.

Q.—Why is the Champion of the Prize Ring like Professor TUMBLETY, or any other quack?

A.—Because he travels on his Physique.

ON THE LATE SACRILEGE IN VIRGINIA.

All men till now who bear the Christian name,
However hard their hearts, and fierce their strife,
Have satisfied their hate with taking life,
The worst respecting death, through utter shame!
Cowards there be, whose murderous hands are red
With our dead soldiers' blood; not shed in fight,
But crushed from their cold veins, when slain outright—
Great God! they dare to mutilate the dead!
Virginia! thou shalt pay for this ere long;
Thy lips shall drain to the dregs the bitter cup;
The outraged spirit of the North is up,
Back to thy batteries, then, and make them strong!
Henceforth thy blood shall be upon thy head,
Though, unlike thee, we war not with the Dead!

July 24th, 1861. R. H. STODDARD

W. Tillman.

This heroic black man is in danger. Already, we understand, it is in contemplation to make him a Brigadier General. WILLIAM, if you have any regard for yourself, don't accept the position. We know you are not perfectly competent, because you have never been a high private of militia, or a successful lawyer, or even an editor of a newspaper; therefore, you may butt your head against a mastic battery, or get on a train of cars, and run into one, which is pretty much the same thing, or you might do some other soldierly act, and then never be court-martialed even, which is a high-toned chivalric lover of his country would be dreadful, you know, if not disgraceful; so, altogether, WILLIAM, we hope you will still stick to your profession, to which you are now an honor, and continue to do your duty faithfully; even if you should be forgotten in a few days, by your present admirers, as will doubtless be the result.

"JUST ONCE."

It is with great grief V. F. finds from a card issued by its friend and admirer H. GREELEY, in the *Tribune* of 25th, that he is no longer the Editor of that saponaceous but agreeable journal.

That he is not the Author of the battle cry, "Forward to Richmond," we can well believe, for it was so utterly adverse to the benevolent theories of H. G.'s philosophical school, that no friend of the human race, such as V. F. notoriously is, could entertain the idea for a moment.

Nor that he opposed the selection of Mr. SEWARD, a gentleman, who, by-the-bye, in these times we had really almost forgotten, because we knew very well from former letters of HORACE that he bore that gentleman no malice.

But that he could admit attacks upon the administration from irresponsible parties, and that

"Not one of those paragraphs was either written, or in any wise suggested or prompted by me,"

makes "the big round tear course down our innocent nose," and we are therefore driven to the logical conclusion that "DANY" must have done it, and that at the sceptre of HORACE, at last, is broken.

After this, V. F. is prepared for the heroic announcement, that

"Individuals must die that the Nation may live. If I can serve her best in that capacity, I do not shrink from the ordeal."

and with tears in its eye, and anguish unutterable in its heart, it says to H. G., "HORACE dearest, don't hesitate a moment longer, but die like a good fellow at once, and please don't be long about it."

Plutarch on the War.

"FABIUS (alias SCOTT,) disdained to make any defence against these allegations of the *Tribune*." *Life of Fabius Max.*

The Nation most Dreaded by our Commerce.

Stagnation.

THE GREAT WAR COMET OF 1861.

THE TALE OF THE COMET.

LEEDSVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

EDITORS OF VANITY FAIR :—*Gentlemen*—I read, with pain, your fragmentary and desultory items concerning the mysterious visitor now gracing our Northwestern sky. As I have taken the pains to examine it carefully, both with the naked eye and other instruments, from the National Observatory in this city, permit me to furnish you with the latest particulars, not to say all the revolting details.

The first appearance of the Comet was in the air, at a very considerable height. It was then at its apogee, and advancing rapidly in various directions. By a small FAHRENHEIT thermometer, I made out its tail to be ninety-four degress twenty-five seconds in length....a little over an hour and a quarter. By means of a highly refractory lens, I took a twist on its Newcleus....it had got rid of its old one....and made the following analysis, which, I flatter myself, will rather astonish the old fogies at Cambridge and Albany :—

MATERIALS.	PARTS.
Iron Pyrites,	20
Hair,	10
Oil,	Several.
Shavings,	¼
Whipped cream,	A good many.
Potato parings,	4
Soap,	Twice that.
Beer,	4
Spool Cotton,	2,000
Verdigris,	½
Tobacco,	None.
Fish Glue,	Not any.
Animal matter,	A few.
Residuüm and loss,	Some.

The consistency of this mass, which had the appearance of having been boiled in onion-juice, was not great. About the same, in fact, as that of any two *Herald* editorials. Its velocity was considerable ; but as my hydrant was only intended for the measurement of mean parallelograms, I could not get it quite down to a spot. Its perihelion and things may be understood at a glance, from the following table :—

Astronomical time, (Greenwich,)	8, 7–12
Maximum Degree,	X ½ ?
Bolus (square of tangent,)	BB 3.
Length of Perigee,	0100
Mean Helix,	801
Mean Shelix,	802
Rhomboid Squibob, (in arcs,)	7 Y

By the above it will be seen that this comet has been gone a good while, having never been here before. If I had possessed a high heeled crucible and a pair of platina mittens, I might have resolved its elements much more successfully. Its next appearance will depend upon circumstances, but I think that it will come again in the Spring, unless misdirected. The occultation of the moon's satellites may alter its course a trifle, though I sincerely hope that it will get along very well. Yours, in the cause of Science,

MAJOR URSO.

P. S.—I forgot to append an analysis of the tail. I make it out to be three parts water and the rest moisture. U.

IN HOC SIGNAL.

Some little time ago, there was a great deal of lobbying in Congress and a great deal of puffing in the *Herald*, anent a new system of Army Signals, that were to revolutionize modern warfare altogether. They were to be visible by day and night, in the forest as on the plain, through fog and storm : and when invisible, were to be audible, or tangible, or something, so that you couldn't miss them if you wanted to.

In short, these signals were to be inevitable guides to victory, and no family of military tendencies should be without them.

Well, the matter was puffed and lobbied through, and somebody ... the inventor, we believe ... was made "Signal-Major," a command created expressly for the system and the occasion.

But that was all. The very first time that we had a chance to employ army signals, none were on hand, and Col. BENDIX's and Col. TOWNSEND's regiments popped away at each other with the greatest nonchalance, one cloudy morning, in consequence. The absence of the Guide to victory only Guyed them into defeat; the Beacon was wanting, that should have saved their Bacon, and instead of a Major of signals, only a General confusion was created.

Now, if there is anything in this puffed and lobbied system, we should like to see something done by it. Let the Major come forward, and either justify himself by a success, or acknowledge his plan to be a Signal Failure.

THE SONG OF THE HOME GUARD.

"I only ask for Peace ; my god is Ease !"
ALDRICH.

I.

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,"
I have no taste for war ;
My joy is not in fire and fight,
In cannon's roar and bullet's flight
And nasty pools of gore.

II.

O, no ! I hold 'tis very wrong
My fellow man to slay,
But when I see the martial throng,
Go clattering by, ten thousand strong,
I'm carried quite away.

III.

I love the drums' and trumpets' crash,
The uniforms and things ;
The sunlit sabre's glittering flash
(When all unused to human hash !)
To me a pleasure brings.

IV.

So much I love the pomp and show
That warlike men display,
I once had half a mind to go
Where swords must strike, and blood must flow,
And some must run away.

V.

But well I know their lot is hard
Who through the South do roam,
And rather than be maimed and scarred
I've joined the glorious, gallant Guard,
Who vow to stay at Home.

VI.

So down Broadway I proudly ride
Through heat, and dust, and noise,
My dress-sword jingles at my side,
And I am puffed by martial pride,
And chaffed by vulgar boys.

VII.

Let others fight, let others fall,
Let others wear the bays,
But at the military ball
Let me alone adorn the festive hall,
Where gimp and buttons blaze.

VIII.

Then fill your glasses full and free,
And drink the health that's right,
To him that joins my company
And only wants, like me, to be
A Broadway carpet-knight.

IX.

'Tis ours to keep well fed and warm ;
We scorn all poor supplies ;
We fear no bloody battle's storm,
But wear a nice new uniform
And tend our shops likewise.

X.

So now, brave boys, I move that when
The war has drained our land,
Of good and valiant fighting men,
Should we be called, I move that then
We instantly disband !

A "Star Paper."

Great consternation was caused at a quiet, elderly female tea-party the other evening, by the announcement that the Comet was about to run into the *World*. Confidence was restored, however, by a mild young man, who explained that it was the *Courier and Enquirer*, and not the Comet, that had "went and did it."

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Alarmed Mother.—MY! SONNY, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR EYE?

Zouave Son.—O, I ONLY PUT THIS ON TO MAKE ME LOOK AS IF I HAD SEEN SERVICE.

EPIGRAM.

BY OUR CYNICAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Panics are singular things, indeed;
The bravest have 'em; the French had one,
After Solferino was done,
And fled from nothing—a wild stampede,
Seventeen miles, in the craziest way,
Like wretches who dread their crimes:
And the first to run in the rout that day,
Was RAYMOND O' the *Times!*

We, too, have a panic at Bull's Run,
After the battle is nearly won;
The bravest man like a coward feels,
And runs as the devil were at his heels!
Whence this terrible cowardice rose
Are many rumors, but no one knows;
The reason is plain to VANITY FAIR—
RAYMOND was there!

Con: By our Young Man for a Tea-party.

Q.—What association is there between a Louisiana cane-brake, a runaway nigger, and the district of New York City known as "the Swamp?"

A.—Hides there.

Abraham's Dotage.

Southern papers say that President LINCOLN is in his dotage. Since Southern papers always speak by the card, this must be true; but it will relieve Northern minds to know that the President's dotage is anecdotage.

A Quartermaster's Paradox.

It is a little odd that wherever you find Contractors busy, there is sure to be a great deal of expansion!

Pet Lambs.

The Lambs went down to Manassas and were well shorn. Not of their glory though, not of the gallant dare-devil courage of which they have still left a sufficient supply, as those mild and amiable F. F. V.'s, who bayonet wounded men, murder vivandieres while attending to the wounded, arrow bombshells into hospitals where sick and wounded men are congregated, and hack and quarter dead bodies in their cowardly ferocity, will one day find.

Verily the day is not far distant when a stern and terrible retribution will sweep over these civilized savages of the Rebel Army, and then fiercest and loudest, above all of the battle cries of the great day of vengeance, will be the fearful shout of the Pet Lambs—The Fire Zouaves.

Grouchy Patterson.

As everybody must remark who duly thinks these matters on,
For dilatory tactics FABIUS was a fool to PATTERSON.

Even GROUCHY made 2.40 time—that man the *Herald* chatters on—
Compared to the remarkable delays achieved by PATTERSON.

I. L.

Old PENNSYLVANIA pouts her lip, and cries, as she points at her son,
"There goes my sluggard, FABIUS CUNCTATOR-GROUCHY PATTERSON!"

Wanted a Secretary of the Navy.

No person from Connecticut (the home of TOUCEY and WELLES) need apply. Address, enclosing references, (from the N. Y. Union Defence Committee preferred,)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
Washington D. C.

The most Efficient Laces in Modern Warfare.

Ambulances.

Tit for Tat.

The *Tribune* of 23d, insinuates in an editorial, that it would be as well to hang somebody, and that somebody, Gen. PATTERSON, because the British Government hung Admiral BYNG.

Waiving the prior right which the Editors of the *Tribune* have to that exalted honor for their deliberate treason to the Government, it might be as well to insinuate also that if we had a Government that knew its duty to itself and to the true sentiment of the people, Baltimore would not be the only place where traitors were arrested, nor St. Louis the only city where treasonable papers were suspended.

Knee Plus Ultra.

From Parisian correspondence in the daily journals, we learn some queer things about the Siamese Ambassadors, now on a mission to France. It appears that, on their presentation to the Emperor, these dignitaries, to the number of twenty-three, entered the room and "walked to the foot of the throne *on their knees.*" For our estimate of the amount of humiliation expressed in this act, see splendid classical pun contained in head-line to this paragraph.

Leg 'um, Doctor.

We fully agree with our contemporaries of the daily press that Harvard University has honored herself in honoring General SCOTT, with the degree of L. L. D. At the same time we sincerely hope that our veteran soldier may be able to spare two of these classical letters, and by making a dash with one at each side, give the enemy the D—L without delay.

The Greatest Tory General of the Period.

The Dila-tory PATTERSON.

The Ultimate End of the Great S. C. Bubble.

Dis-pursed and dis-burst.

HOW MRS. ROSS GOT TO NEW-YORK.

NEW YORK, July the 18th, 1861.

MR. VANITY.—Ive jest been down sick sence I rit ter you. Taint no wonder, cum ter think ont. When you come ter reckon in the blamed noise and racket all Independince Day, and the nasty smell of the powder and my gaslite that I blowed out, and the new fangled cookin, and the friz creem, and a heap of truck besides that I coodent tell the names of ter save me from the jibbet, and the cobler I sucked through a glass straw, ter please my

son, the wonder is I ant dead outright. I was a fool fort, and I knowd it in the time ont. Then I sot ter my winder, in a draft, and gazed at the fire-works. Sich doins I couldent a believed cood a bin cungered up by mortal man. And massy me! when them letters cum out that spelt *The Union Forever!* in red and blue, the chills run over me! My statesman DANIEL WEBSTER sed them very words when he was on arth. Sed I ter myself, them eyes of hisn and that master mind of hisn see the danger we was comin ter; he knowd we'd got rebbels in our camp.

That want all them blue and red letters made me think on, Mr. VANITY. I looked on um as if they was the vains and life blood of General WARREN and his cumreds, that fit on Bunkers Hill. And I hoped the hull crowd see um so, but Ime afeard they dident.

I went inter my bed past midnite, and tride ter forgit myself, but I coodent. My eyelids was buttoned up on my forhead the hul nite. Ter think I was five hundred miles from hum! Then ter think how I got here! When JAMES SPENCER come inter my kitchen and sed he was agoin ter Washington ter take some checkerbery and some peppermint and sich ter our solgers, my man sed, now HITTY heres your chance ter go and see SIMON. I lookd at him, I tell you! I thought he was stark starin mad. Sed I, JEDEDIAH ROSS, air you in arnest? Sed he, I am; and you hant no time ter loose. Youl never hev a better chance. I stepped round putty lively fur that day, and the next mornin JAMES SPENCER and I was on the Grand Trunk Rail Road, that runs as near ter our house as the Andruscoggin river; and that's bein pretty near, for my washkittle stands on the margin, and in hot weather I rince my close in its bosom. Not long after sun down, JAMES SPENCER pinted out Bunkers Hill moniment ter me.

Putty soon, ker-whang! we come inter the biggest Barn I ever did see. And the people seemd tickld ter death ter see us. But JAMES SPENCER was use to't. He hurried me along through the crowd, and we got inter a carryhall. Sich a rattlin over the stuns! I thought I was goin down our mountain. All of a suden we riz a hill, and then we stoped. Sed JAMES SPENCER, heres sothin I want you to look at. And then he made me git out of the caryhall. I was glad ter see sich a beautiful woodlot for the poor soldiers ter rest therselves onto, and sich a nice pond of water for their teams. JAMES told me it was the Common. Come, says he, Mis Ross, I want you to go up these steps. Here is somebody youl be glad ter see. So I walked up the steps of the State House, and stopt ter gaze on a graven immage. Sed I, what is this for? What do you think? says JAMES. Said I, I spose its sot here for a scar-crow; but I dont see any mischief that can be done, there dont appear ter be any garden sarce nor nothin around here. Said JAMES, who does the image look like? I shook my hed. His mouth begun ter draw up at the corners. Sed he, give a guess. I thought Ide say *sothin*, for the man that driv the carryhall was gittin oneasy, so sed I, he looks *strong* enough ter tare a lion. Ef he want in them overhalls Ide say it was SAMPSON. JAMES bust out a laughin, and sed it was DANIEL WEBSTER. Then I *was* mad, I tell you! The idee of makin fun of *sech* a man, with a cast iron immage! I told JAMES ide a gin ninepence if I hedent a seen it. I farely shed tears, and sed ter myself, this is a wicked and pervarse jineration. I hope this war will bring things ter a better state. We want a new leven.

JAMES SPENCER husseled me inter the caryhall, and we was ter another railroad house in no time. There was a young woman there JAMES giv me a introduct ter, and she flew around as ef I'd been her mother. She had water, and a towell, and a comb, and bresh, and every thing handy; and it want more than five minits afore I was slicked fit ter go ter meetin. I told her I wanted a cup of tea the wust in the world. So she tuck me inter the jinin room ter a table, and it was afore me as quick as scat. I drunk it with a relish, I tell you. I was farely sot up. JAMES SPENCER come in and sed, Mis Ross, Ive got you a chance in the Sleepin Car. So we hurried inter the car, and I got down on a settee. Bimeby I got ter noddin, when the perlitest man you ever did see come and asked me if he shoodnt fix up my berth. It dident git through my noddle what the man ment, so JAMES anserd fur me. I riz up ter start fur the bed-room, when over went the back of my settee, and it want no time at all when rite afore my eyes was three shelves as plump as pincushions, kivered with red pulpit cloth, and out come a piller and blankit, and round come a curtin all as snug as a box-trap. I tuck off my bunnit and shawl, and hung it on a peg and streched my carkis out, the most thankful critter you ever see. When the man knocked on the top of my curtain and sed, mam, I shal hev ter put some young women in the berths above you, I dident raze no objection; I see they was skinched fur room. Wal, I got farely off ter sleep, when the critters got inter my trap and histed themselves up onter the shelves. I sed nothin, more than ef I was dumb. I dident wanter git my nites sleep broke up. But they begun ter titter and laugh and talk about furrin parts where theyd bin. I kep still. Wal, they growd wuss and wuss, and my dander riz, and I broke rite out: *Praps there's fokes inside this chamber that wanter sleep!* This settled um. They was as whist as mice. Sed I ter myself, I haint red many books, and I baint rid all over the world, as some folks hev; but I know enough ter see that when fokes pack up this fashion, its ter sleep and nothin else. I dropd off. The fust thing I heard was New York! I jumped up, and on with my bunit and shawl, and I looked out the winder and there stood my son on the walk. Sed I, this is the day of marricles!

I rit you a longer letter than I thought on; please excuse the liberty.

Your obedient servant,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—I want ter say, Mr. VANITY, that I would advise people when they come inter strange parts, not ter be sich fools as ter stuff therselves with every thing afore um.

Theres many a hos and beef critter been killed by gitten inter the corn and pumpkin field. M. R.

There was a Man.

There was a man in Richmond town,
And he was wond'rous WISE;
He jumped upon a battle-horse,
And to the war he flies—
But when he saw the guns about,
With all his might and main
He jumped upon another horse,
And—rode away again!

Green Room Anecdote.

The talk was of hard times. "But," said MEZZONINI to ANTHROPOPHAGI, "there's one prompter, at least, who never seems to be out of work."

"The Devil!" exclaimed A.

"Exactly," returned M.